

Iron County Register.

By M. D. AKE.

BRANTON, MISSOURI.

THE WATER-LILY'S STORY.

When first I woke to life,
Deep down in the river's bed,
I could not breathe for the stifling ooze
And the blackness over my head.
In darkness I longed for the light,
Prisoned, I yearned to be free,
In dreams I pined for the sky and the
wind,
For stars and bird and tree;
And I said: "I will rise to that upper air
And the life that draweth me."

The twining weeds of the water-world
Reached out and held me fast;
The little reeds wove a tangled net
To catch me as I passed;
The creeping things of mire and mud
Beckoned and bade me stay;
In the treacherous current, swift and strong,
I felt my weak stem sway;
But thro' them, over them, past them all,
I took my upward way.

Till, white, white,
Brimmed with sunshine and steeped in light,
I lifted up
My fragrant cup—
Bloom of the daytime and star of the night—
In rapture I gazed at the heavens blue
And knew that all my dreams were true.
And pure and fair
My white leaves bear
Never a trace of slime and mold,
And the drawing things of the under-
world
Have left no taint on my heart of gold.
In peace I rest
On the river's breast
And living, I love, and loving, live,
And, breathing deep of that upper air,
My life to the world in sweetness give.
—Annie Johnson Flint, in Youth's Com-
panion.

"FLASH HARRY" OF SAVAI.

By Louis Becke.

Nearly 30 years ago, when the late King Mafetao of Samoa was quietly arming his adherents in order to combine against the persistent encroachments of the Germans, I was running a small trading cutter between Upolu and Savai, the two principal islands of the group.

One day I arrived in Apia harbor with a cargo of yams, which I intended to sell to an American man-of-war, the Resacca. I went along-side at once, had the yams weighed, and received my money from the paymaster. Then I went ashore for a bath in the Vaisigago river, a lovely little stream which, taking its rise in the mountains, debouches into Apia harbor. Here I was joined by an old friend, Capt. Hamilton, the local pilot, who, stripping off his clothes, plunged into the water beside me.

As we were laughing and chatting, thoroughly enjoying ourselves, a party of natives, young men and boys, emerged from among the trees on the opposite bank. Casting off their scanty garments, they boisterously entered the water and began disporting themselves, when, to my surprise, I saw that their leader was a white man, tattooed in every respect like a Samoan. He appeared to be about 30 years of age, was clean shaven, and had light-red hair.

"Who is that fellow?" I inquired.
"One of the biggest scoundrels in the Pacific," replied my companion. "Flash Harry," from Savai. He deserted from either the Briak or the Zealous British man-of-war about seven years ago, and although the commanders of several other British warships have tried to get him, they have failed. He is the pet protégé of one of the most powerful chiefs in Savai, and laughs at all attempts to catch him. To my knowledge he has committed four atrocious murders, and, in addition to that, he is a drunkard, foul-mouthed blackguard. He only comes to Apia occasionally—when there is no British man-of-war about—and paints the town red, for, although he is merely a loafing beach-comber, he is liberally supplied with money by his chief, and possesses an extensive harem as well. He simply terrorizes the town when he breaks out, and insults every timid European he meets, male and female."

"Why doesn't some one put a bullet through him?"
"Ah, now you're asking 'Why?' Porter, a respectable local trader, told him that he would be rid of him if he came inside his fence; and the scoundrel knows me well enough not to come into my place except with a civil word on his foul tongue; but then, you see, Porter and I are Americans. If either or both of us shot the man, no commander of an American man-of-war would more than publicly reprimand us for taking the law into our own hands; but if you or any other Englishman killed the vermin, you would be taken to Fiji by the first man-of-war that called here, put on your trial for murder, and, if you escaped hanging, you would get a pretty turn of penal servitude in the Fiji jail."

We finished our bath, dressed, and set out for Hamilton's house on Matautu Point, for he had asked me to have supper with him. On our way thither we met the master of a German barque then in port, and were chatting with him when Mr. "Flash Harry" and his retinue of manana (young bucks) overtook us. The path being narrow, we drew aside a few paces to let them pass; but as a sign from their leader they stopped. He nodded to Hamilton and the German captain, but neither took any notice of him; then he fixed his eyes insolently on me, and held out his hand.

"How do you do, mister? You're a nice sort of a cove not to come and see me when you passed my place in your cutter." Then, with sudden fury, as I put my hands in my pockets,—"You, you young cock-a-hoop!—do you mean to say you don't mean to shake hands with a white man?"
"Not with you, anyway," I answered.

but our fists, we should have had a bad time had they attacked us, for we were in an unfrequented place, and would have been half-murdered before assistance came. In Samoa in those days street brawls were common.

"The next time you do meet him," said Hamilton as we resumed our walk, "don't give him a chance. Drill a hole through him as soon as he gets within ten paces, and then clear out of Samoa as quick as you can."

Quite a month after this I had to visit the little port of Asau, on the island of Savai, and as I was aware that "Flash Harry" was in the vicinity of the place on a malaga, or pleasure-trip, I kept a sharp lookout for him, and always carried with me in my jumper pocket a small but heavy Derringer, the bullet of which was as big as that of a Snider rifle. I did not want to have my arm pulled out, and knew that "Flash Harry," being twice my weight almost, would give me a bad time if he could once get within hitting distance of me; for, like most men-of-war's men, he was very smart with his hands, and I was but a stripling, not yet 20.

I had come to Asau with a load of timber to be used in the construction of a church for the French mission, and in the evening went to the resident priest to obtain a receipt for delivery. As he could not speak English and I could not speak French, we had to struggle along in Samoan, to our common amusement. However, we managed very well, and I was about to accept his hospitable offer to remain and have supper with him when a young chief named Uluafua ("Top of a High Tree"), who knew me well, came in hurriedly and told us that "Flash Harry" and ten or fifteen young men, all more or less drunk, were coming to the village that night, and that he had seen a white man, a father of a beating—the latter to avenge the insult of a month before.

Laughingly telling the priest that under the circumstances discretion was the better part of valor, I bade him good-by, and walked down to my boat, which was lying on the beach. With two native sailors pulling, we started for the cutter, a mile away. The night was beautifully calm, but dark; and as I was not well acquainted with the inner part of Asau harbor, I several times ran the boat on submerged coral boulders. Finally I lost the narrow channel altogether.

Then I told one of my men—a sturdy, splendid specimen of a native of the Gilbert Islands, named Te Manu Uraura ("Red Bird"), to come aft, and take the steer-oar, knowing that his eyesight, like that of all Polynesians, was better than that of any white man.

The poor fellow laughed good-naturedly. I little thought that this simple order of mine would, when he came aft and took the steer-oar from me, indirectly be the cause of an injury which would cripple him for life. I then seated myself on the after-thwart and began to pull. We were at this time about 30 yards from the beach, between it and the inner reef of the harbor. The boat had been sent along for two or three hundred yards without a hitch, and I was thinking of what my cook would have for supper, when we suddenly plumped into a patch of dead coral and stuck hard and fast.

Knowing that the tide was falling, we all jumped out, and pushed the boat off into deeper water as quickly as possible, just as half-dozen bright torches of coco-nut leaves flared up on the shore, which revealed the boat dimly to the torch bearers. At first I imagined that the chief of the village had sent some of his people to help us through the channel, but I was quickly undeceived when I heard "Flash Harry's" voice.

"I've got you now, my saucy, quarter-deckstyle of rotten pup. Slew round and come ashore, or I'll blow your head off!"
One glance towards the beach showed me that we were in a desperate position. "Flash Harry," who was all but stark naked, having only a girdle of ti-tree leaves round his waist, was covering the boat with his Winchester rifle, and his armed followers were ready to fire a volley into us—if they had not been so drunk.

"They can't hit us, Te Manu," I cried to the Gilbert islander, whose inborn fighting proclivities were showing in his gleaming eyes and short, panting breaths. "Most of them have no cartridges in their guns, and they are all too drunk to shoot straight. Let us go on."

young man who was a stranger to me, had just returned from the Solomon islands. He was very familiar with the whole group and its numerous, cannibal people, and had had some very narrow escapes and thrilling experiences, which he narrated. (Later I heard that in 1884 he and all his ship's company had been killed on the Solomon group.)

We were talking of the massacre of Capt. Ferguson and the crew of the Sydney trading-steamer Ripple by the natives of Bougainville island, in the Solomon group, when the young skipper remarked, "Ah! poor Ferguson ought to have been more careful. Why, the very chief of that village at Numa Numa—the man who cut him down with a tomakaw—had killed two other white men. Ferguson knew that, and yet would allow him to come aboard time after time with hundreds of his people, and gave him and them the run of the ship! I knew the fellow well. He told me to my face, the first time I met him, that he had killed and eaten two white men."

"Who were they?" I asked.
"One was a man trading for Capt. MacLeod of New Caledonia; the other chap was some beach-combing fellow who had been kicked ashore at Numa Numa by the skipper. I heard he came from Samoa originally. Anyway, the chief told me that as soon as the ship that had put the man ashore had sailed, he was speared through the back as he was drinking from a coconut. When they stripped off his clothes to make him ready for the oven, they found he was tattooed, Samoan fashion, from the waist to the knees. Then, as he had red hair, they cut off his head and smoke-dried it, instead of eating it with the rest of the body, and kept it as an ornament for the stem of a big canoe. A white man's head is a great thing at any time for a canoe's figure-head in the Solomons, but a white man's head with red hair is a great mana."

Then I said to him that I had known the man, and told him his antecedents.

"Ah!" he said, "I dare say if you had been there you would have felt as if you could have eaten a bit of the beggar yourself."

"I certainly should not have minded seeing him cooked," I replied, as I thought of poor Te Manu's crippled hand.—Chamber's Journal.

HER INDIGNATION.

Norah Had Her Own Ideas About Serving the Table, But They Were Not Good.

Where two or three women are gathered together there is sure to be some conversation about servants. The following is the substance of one housekeeper's recent experience, as detailed in one of these conversations, says the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

An East End hostess had invitations out for a small luncheon, but on the morning of the eventful day her "help" departed, heartlessly and unanimously.

There was nothing to do but to impress into service the wife of the janitor of the flat and induce her to act as waitress.

It was her first experience in this sort of household duties, and the effect was to surprise her and render her somewhat indignant at the doings of society.

"Dye moind what Oi had to do, Pat?" she was overheard saying to her husband. "Sure an' Oi didn't moind waitin' at all, if they'd only let me do it right."

"Wouldn't they let you do it right, Norah?" he asked with concerned interest.

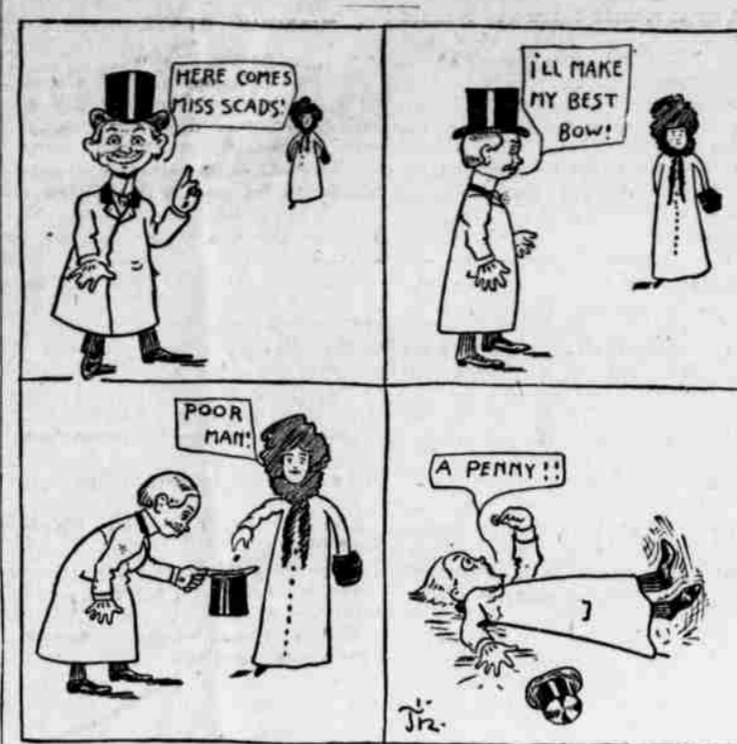
"Sure an' they wouldn't. They wouldn't let me fetch the things to eat all at once an' set 'em on the table. Oi had to bring 'em in one at a time. An' after Oi brought 'em in they wouldn't reach for the things. Oi had to pass around to every leddy at the table. Och, but the way they wasted time. They might have got through an hour sooner. The ways of these sassyley folks is beyant me!"

But Pat sympathized with her and agreed that there had been a great waste of time.

Equal to the Emergency.

This is a story of a man who has become a successful merchant. A few years ago he was employed as an office boy and messenger for a large firm. He was sent to collect an account from a firm which was considered very "shaky," and was told to get the money at all hazards.

A DEED OF CHARITY.



HABITS OF THE ELK.

Keenness of Senses and Swiftness of Foot Make the Animal Difficult to Overcome.

Colorado is the natural home of the elk in the United States. In no other state are the magnificent animals to be found in such numbers. The hunting country in which President Roosevelt sought mountain lions and bobcats is their favorite grazing ground. This is the heart of the big game region, where railroads have never penetrated, where stage drivers often wrap their reins around the brake and take a shot at a bear or deer, and where huge bands of elk have roamed for generations.

A few years ago the elk was threatened with extinction. Hunters killed indiscriminately, until the state of Colorado stepped in and limited the open season to 12 days. This gave the elk a chance for his life. The dwindling bands began to increase, until now it is estimated that there are more elk in Colorado than there were five years ago. Such a limitation of the elk season was necessary owing to the habits of the elk—habits which made the animals an easy prey. The elk feeds as high up in the mountains as he can, only coming down into the valleys as he is forced down by the deepening snows. Hunters knew that a heavy snowstorm would invariably catch a lot of elk near the timber line. An active man on snowshoes could catch up with a band and shoot every one of the animals before they could flounder out of the deep snow into better footing. In consequence the season is now closed before the heavy storms of winter set in. This makes it necessary for the hunter to stalk the elk through forests that are carpeted with dry twigs and rustling leaves. Inasmuch as the elk's sense of hearing is equalled only by his acute eyesight or sense of smell, the hunter's chances are indeed narrowed, and he earns every pair of antlers that he brings out of the Rockies to grace a dining-room or an eastern hunting lodge.

The fallen timber tracts in the Rockies are the favorite grazing places of the elk, owing to the abundance of grass that grows between the down trees, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. These fallen trees afford the elk excellent protection. The animals seem to be able to run as swiftly in the tangled mass of timber as in the open, and snapping twigs almost invariably give warning of the approach of the stalker. During the last two years there has been a large increase in the number and extent of forest fires in the Rocky mountain states, and this has increased the

HOW TO TREAT A STY.

Source of the Painful Affection and the Proper Way to Disperse It.

The unsightly appearance, not less than the pain and discomfort, of a sty gives it its bad repute.

Two conditions, or perhaps, more properly, two phases of the same condition, of the eyelid are referred to as sty. The swelling due to an exudation of serum into the lid is perhaps more common than that in which the swelling progresses until pus is formed.

Swelling due to exudation readily occurs in the eyelid, both because of its loose, nonresistant texture and also since its position is one much exposed to irritating atmospheric conditions.

Exposure to damp winds or cold not infrequently results in a swelling of the eyelid. This kind of sty often disappears of itself after a few hours of discomfort. Extract of witch hazel is a household remedy well suited to sty, especially at this stage. Its efficacy is heightened by binding a compress of linen, or, better, of absorbent cotton, wet with the liquid over the eye on going to bed and allowing it to remain, advises Youth's Companion.

Prolonged use of the eyes, as, for example, reading many hours consecutively, or a like time devoted to fine needlework, may determine an attack of sty. It is necessary in the light of our present knowledge of pus formation to attribute its occurrence here, as elsewhere, to an infection of germs from without. It is logical to suppose that the necessary infection may be conveyed by rubbing the lids with the fingers or with the doubled fist or knuckles. The causes of sty which have been mentioned, over-use, for example, are apt to produce itching, while the delicate skin covering the lid is ill fitted to receive rude handling. A slight abrasion of the tender cuticle covering the lid is doubtless the source of infection of many cases of sty in which an abscess is formed, although the pitted surface which dips inward to receive the eyelashes likewise forms a convenient point of entrance for the pus-producing germs.

Gentle bathing of the lids once or twice a day with a mildly astringent and antiseptic fluid, like witch hazel, plain or diluted, is an excellent measure for the prevention of sty in those whose occupations demand long-continued use of the eye and who are prone to experience smarting, stinging and irritation of the lids. In some, properly fitted glasses constitute an effective preventive of sty.

When once the swelling has gone on to pus formation, as evidenced by pointing or a yellowed surface, warm water compresses hasten the rupture of the boil, with consequent relief of pain. More quickly effective is lancing of the boil by the physician. It is not to be forgotten that underlying systematic causes are frequently predisposing factors in the production of sty. Such require appropriate tonics or the righting of sluggish conditions.

HIS TRAIL IN THE SNOW.

It Proved Aaron's Undoing, and Now He Thoroughly Dreads the "Beautiful."

"Aaron Larks."
"Yessah, Jedge Briles."
"The other says they tracked your little footprints in the snow."
"In de snow, Jedge Briles."
"They say they found you hiding in a hayloft and that you had been in a citizen's back yard."
"Ise heerin' yer, Jedge Briles."
"They say you were in that back yard for some unlawful purpose, and you will have to explain yourself," Jedge Briles, exclaimed Aaron, as he folded his hands across his ragged shirt front. "I bleebs Ise in de nine-holes disser time sho ez de grass grows round de stump. I nebber spected dat dey was gwine ter git onto me in datter way. Yer see, I went inter dat yard ter ax de boss man fer sum wuk becase I was after makin' some munny fer Christmas an' after I found out dat de boss man w'n't dare I jes natterly walked er-way. I loved ter mersef dat nobody was gwine ter git onto me."

"You didn't think about the snow on the ground?" suggested the recorder. "It is an easy matter for an officer to get on the right track when there is snow on the ground, Aaron."

"Dat's sho' de Gawd's truf, Jedge Briles," said the prisoner, "ef yer ebber spoked it. Niggers ha'n't got no bizness foolin' erround when hit's er snowin'."

"I am going to let you shovel snow at the blockade for 30 days," the recorder told him, according to the Atlanta Constitution. "Leaving footprints on the sands of time is all right enough in a poetic way, but you must draw the line on the snow. I hate to give you such a frost, but it is due you. You can hail the black maria when you go downstairs. The next time you want work don't prow around in a back yard for it at night. Now you can make tracks for the stockade—in the snow."

Chocolate Cookies.

Take a scant cupful of butter, a heaping cupful of light brown sugar, two eggs, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, a cupful of almonds, cut fine, without blanching; a cupful of currants, cleaned and dried; two ounces of unsweetened chocolate dissolved in half a cupful of milk, and flour enough to roll; before adding the flour put in a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix in the order given; roll out about one-eighth of an inch thick; cut with any preferred cake cutter and bake in a moderate oven. Make a rather thick sirup of half a cupful each of granulated sugar and water boiled together, and brush the cakes with this sirup as soon as they are taken from the oven.—Good Housekeeping.

Savory Chestnuts.

Silt the chestnuts—the large, Italian kind—pop them in a corn popper above the fire, remove the shells and skin and mix them in a hot blazer with salt, pepper and Welsbaden sauce until each chestnut is thoroughly covered.—Woman's Home Companion.

PITH AND POINT.

True patience can never cease to be a virtue.—Rams Horn.

No man can appreciate how another man can be busy when he wants to talk to him.—Atchison Globe.

Savin—"How did you happen to get such a cold in your teeth?" Burwin—"I went out without my gumshoes on."—Jewell Transcript.

"I once proposed to a girl on Friday." "Didn't you know that was an unlucky day?" "Unlucky? Not much. She refused me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Beginning to Feel at Home.—Senior Partner—"I think this new clerk is getting used to our ways, don't you?" Junior Partner—"I think so. He was 20 minutes late this morning."—Town and Country.

"People say, Edgar, that you only married me for the sake of my two millions." "But I swear to you, darling, that I would have married you even if you had only one million!"—Pleigende Blaetter.

The Mottle—"I wonder what they are selling over there? I just heard them shouting: 'Here is something to catch a man's eye!'" La Moynie—"H'm! They must be selling ladies' umbrellas."—Philadelphia Record.

"She has improved in her singing, and she knows it, too." "Think so?" I noticed it didn't require very much applause to induce her to sing again." "No, but there was a time when it didn't require any applause at all."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Watson—"Every now and then, in reading the news of failures, I come across the phrase: 'Preferred creditors.' What are preferred creditors, anyway?" Mr. Watson—"Well, I myself prefer creditors who don't dun me."—Somerville Journal.

CAN SHOULDER A HORSE.

Great Feats of Strength Performed by the Sheriff of a County in Pennsylvania.

Sheriff James G. Harvey, of this county, is the strongest man in Luzerne, if not in the whole state. There has yet been no ordinary test of strength at which he has failed, and no two men, big and strong as can be found, have ever been able to do the thing he alone can do. He is so strong that he is afraid of himself, afraid that he will unconsciously do some one harm. When he shakes hands he is very careful, for an enthusiastic pressure might crush the hand he is shaking. His feats of strength are numerous, says a Wilkesbarre correspondent.

He thinks nothing of hoisting a whole beef on his shoulders and walking around with it. He occasionally, to show that he can do it, picks up a live horse and parades about with it. In his office in this city when business is not brisk he often entertains visitors by little exhibitions. He will stand against the wall and defy as many as can lay hold of him to pull him away from it. He will make a wrestler's bridge on the floor, and it is impossible to pull his legs or arms from under him. He will stretch out his massive right arm and hold up three ordinary men without effort. He can take two men by the girdle and hoist them with one hand above his head.

In his capacity of sheriff he has been called upon to quell many disturbances, especially among the riotous foreigners in the lower end, but he has never used a pistol or club—he has always depended upon his fists and hands. He has forced a passage through many an angry crowd by shoving the men out of his way. He hits with closed fist seldom, for there is a force in his blow that means serious damage to the man it hits. A pleasing little enjoyment of his is to control an angry steer by grasping its horns and throwing it off its feet, and he has done this so many times that he cannot recall the number. With all his strength he is a modest and retiring man, and talks but seldom of what he can do.

Fiji GIRL'S TROUSSEAU.

Composed of Native Cloth Made from the Inner Bark of the Paper-Mulberry Tree.

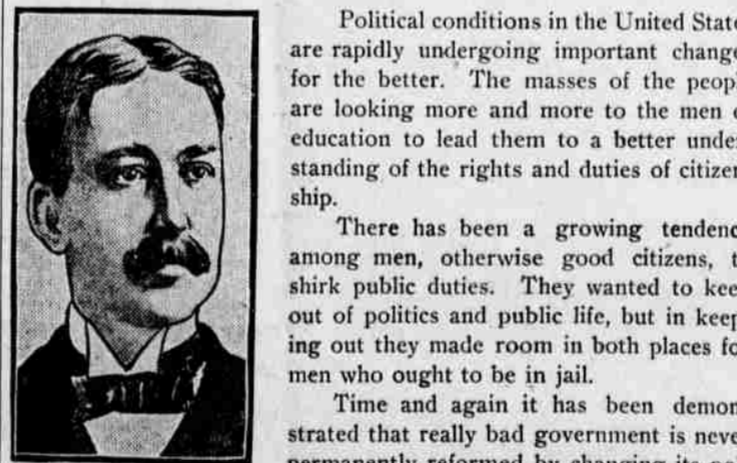
To the all-important question of bridal trousseau the Fiji belle of three decades ago gave little thought. A fringe of hibiscus fiber about the loins, supplemented by garlands of bright-hued flowers about the head, neck and arms, fulfilled all the requirements of Polynesian fashion. Then came a day when this primitive simplicity was succeeded on festive occasions by an oppressive weight of magnificence, says Woman's Home Companion. Bride and groom alike were literally swathed from head to foot. The material used was the "tapa," or native cloth made from the inner bark of the paper-mulberry tree. As in those days certain colors and decorative designs were reserved for the aristocracy, an educated on-looker could by single glance determine the social status of the matrimonial candidates. The tapa, besides being rolled about the body in so many folds that the victim was simply a walking bale of stuff, was also so arranged that a huge panier was formed of the various loops and folds at the back. To all this was added a train, frequently eight or ten yards long, carried by attendants. To these two extremes has succeeded the "sulu" costume of to-day.

The Romance of Gum Gathering.

In Yucatan the gathering of the famous chicle chewing-gum is an occupation apparently full of romance, not unattended with considerable danger. Bands of men, known as "chicleros," go into the deep forests, under expert leaders, armed with heavy knives of special make, pails and ladders for the sap, and each one provided with a strong rope, more than 80 feet long, to be used in climbing the lofty sapota trees from which the gum is procured. The sap flows from gashes cut in the bark. A camp of chicleros, where the sap is boiled, resembles in some respects an American maple-sugar camp. After months of work the chicleros return from the forests laden with brick-like blocks of aromatic gum. The finest gum, known as "siete," is collected from the fruit of the sapota, mostly by the native women, and is seldom exported because it is too weak liked at home.

Private Ownership of Public Officials.

By HON. BIRD S. COLER, Comptroller of the City of New York.



Hon. Bird S. Coler.

Political conditions in the United States are rapidly undergoing important changes for the better. The masses of the people are looking more and more to the men of education to lead them to a better understanding of the rights and duties of citizenship.

There has been a growing tendency among men, otherwise good citizens, to shirk public duties. They wanted to keep out of politics and public life, but in keeping out they made room in both places for men who ought to be in jail.

Time and again it has been demonstrated that really bad government is never permanently reformed by changing its politics. The government of cities in this country that has been most expensive, corrupt and debasing has been government that openly violated no statute law.

THE OLD SYSTEM OF STEALING FROM THE PUBLIC TREASURY HAS PASSED AWAY AND THE SAFER AND MORE PROFITABLE PLAN OF TRADING POLITICAL INFLUENCE FOR CASH OR STOCK IN CORPORATIONS HAS SUCCEEDED. If good citizens neglect their civic duties the politicians will take the offices and everything else that is not chained down.

But in the cities of the country there is spreading with gratifying rapidity a better understanding of public questions. The great principle of public municipal ownership of franchises and control of public utilities has been firmly established in our system of city government. We are not rushing blindly into rash experiments of buying and operating everything, from gas plants to automobiles, but the growth of intelligent citizenship has reached that stage where it will not permit the great charter rights of the people of American cities to be sold for individual gain or bartered for political power.